

Production No. 2F07

The Simpsons

"GRAMPA VS. SEXUAL INADEQUACY"

Written by

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Return to Script Department
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TABLE DRAFT

Date 5/19/94

NOTE: FOR TABLE READ ONLY**"GRAMPA VS. SEXUAL INADEQUACY"**

Cast List

HOMER.....DAN CASTELLANETA
MARGE.....JULIE KAVNER
BART.....NANCY CARTWRIGHT
LISA.....YEARDLEY SMITH
ANNOUNCER (V.O.).....HARRY SHEARER
UNCLE FUNK.....HARRY SHEARER
GOODTIME SLIM/
TROY MCCLURE.....HANK AZARIA
KRUSTY THE KLOWN.....DAN CASTELLANETA
JUST STAMP TICKET MAN...HANK AZARIA
MR. BURNS.....HARRY SHEARER
AIR FORCE COLONEL.....HANK AZARIA
VICE PRESIDENT GORE.....HARRY SHEARER
PAUL HARVEY.....HARRY SHEARER
DESK CLERK.....HANK AZARIA
MAYOR QUIMBY.....DAN CASTELLANETA
GRAMPA.....DAN CASTELLANETA
MAUDEMAGGIE ROSWELL
NED FLANDERS.....HARRY SHEARER
SHOPPERS.....ALL
PROF. FRINK.....HANK AZARIA
DR. (MRS.) FRINK.....PAMELA HAYDEN

MR. VAN HOUTEN.....HANK AZARIA
MILHOUSE.....PAMELA HAYDEN
DR. HIBBERT.....HARRY SHEARER
REV. LOVEJOY.....HARRY SHEARER
P.S.A. ANNOUNCER.....HARRY SHEARER
NELSON.....NANCY CARTWRIGHT
MARTIN.....PAMELA HAYDEN
RALPH.....NANCY CARTWRIGHT
HILLBILLY MAN.....HANK AZARIA
VERY FAT MAN.....HANK AZARIA
EXTREMELY NERVOUS MAN...HARRY SHEARER
GOONY-LOOKING MAN.....HANK AZARIA
AUDIENCE MEMBERHARRY SHEARER
KIDS.....NANCY/PAMELA/YEARDLEY/MAGGIE
YOUNG HOMER.....DAN CASTELLANETA
COWS.....HANK/DAN/HARRY
PRESIDENT KENNEDY.....DAN CASTELLANETA
REPORTERS.....HANK/HARRY/PAMELA/MAGGIE
HOMER'S MOTHER.....MAGGIE ROSWELL
MILTON BERLE.....HANK AZARIA
MAGGIE.....NANCY CARTWRIGHT
BARNEY.....DAN CASTELLANETA
CHIEF WIGGUM.....HANK AZARIA
ONLOOKER.....HARRY SHEARER
HAYSEED MANAGER.....HANK AZARIA
CONSPIRACY KID.....HARRY SHEARER

GRAMPA VS. SEXUAL INADEQUACY

by

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ACT ONE

FADE IN:

ON TV

We see the art card for "Thousand Dollar Movie."

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

We now return to the 1971 film
"Goodtime Slim, Uncle Funk, and the
Great Frisco Freak-Out!" starring Troy
McClure.

GOODTIME SLIM (A 30 year-old Troy McClure dressed as a 20 year-old hippie) and UNCLE FUNK (A Wavy Gravy type) speed up and down hilly San Francisco streets in a psychedelic VW, pursued by several police cars. Uncle Funk peers curiously into a sack of diamonds.

UNCLE FUNK

Slim, if we've got the bag with the
stolen diamonds, then what happened to
the bag with our stash?

GOODTIME SLIM (TROY McCLURE)

(COOL) There's more than one way to get
high, baby.

Slim guns the engine, and the VW speeds over a hilltop and becomes airborne.

GOODTIME SLIM & UNCLE FUNK

Whhoooooaa!!

PULL BACK to reveal that we are...

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - MONDAY NIGHT

HOMER is engrossed in the TV. A clearly amorous MARGE snuggles up against him and begins kissing his cheek.

HOMER

(DISMISSIVE) Please, Marge. How often can I see a movie of this caliber on late-night TV?

MARGE

Is there something wrong, Homey?

HOMER

(DISTRACTED) No. It's just that I've only seen this movie twice before, and I've seen you every night for the last eleven ye-- (CATCHES HIMSELF) What I mean to say is... We'll snuggle tomorrow night, sweetie. I promise.

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - TUESDAY NIGHT

Marge, in negligee, waits expectantly. Homer staggers in with a distended stomach and lays down on the bed, not noticing Marge.

HOMER

(VERY FULL) Ohhh. Enchiladas.

MARGE

(DISAPPOINTED MURMUR)

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - WEDNESDAY NIGHT

We see Marge and Homer in bed, silhouetted by moonlight. Marge kisses a somewhat listless Homer. They embrace. Suddenly, the door **BURSTS** open and a panicked BART runs in.

BART

Mom!! Dad!!

HOMER & MARGE

Don't turn on the light! Don't turn on
the light!

BART

There's a U.F.O. outside my window!!

Seriously!

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - BART'S BEDROOM - A MINUTE LATER

Marge, in her bathrobe, and a jittery Bart peer out of his window.

MARGE

Oh, Bart. It's just an old golf
umbrella stuck in a tree.

Outside, we see an old multicolored umbrella spinning around in the tree as the wind blows, making an eerie **WHIZZING** sound. It suddenly comes loose and flies into the window with a loud **SMACK**.

BART

(SCREAM) (THEN, JITTERY:) C-can I sleep
in there with you guys tonight?

MARGE

No!

Marge hurries out of the room.

BART

Can I sit on the roof with a baseball
bat in case a U.F.O. does come?

MARGE

(PREOCCUPIED) Yes, yes. Fine.

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - A MINUTE LATER

In the background, out the window, we see Bart shimmying up the drainpipe to the roof with a baseball bat.

MARGE (O.S.)

(SEXY PURR) I hope you kept the Homie
fires burning...

Marge enters the bedroom to find Homer asleep, SNORING.
She slumps, disappointed.

MARGE

(PEEVED) Homer! Wake up! We need to
talk about the... marital difficulties
we've been having lately.

HOMER

(SAD) Marge, there's just too much
pressure, what with my job, the kids,
traffic snarls, political strife at
home and abroad... But I promise you,
the second all those things go away,
we'll have sex.

MARGE

I simply can't wait that long. Maybe
we should get some help... How about a
book?

HOMER

(TOO INTERESTED) Ooooookay.

MARGE

A tasteful book.

HOMER

(DISAPPOINTED) Oh. All right.

Homer turns off the light. Up on the roof, we hear a few clumsy FOOTSTEPS and something ROLLING. A baseball bat drops past the window. Then we hear a YELP and, after a beat, Bart falls past the window. A second later, the doorbell RINGS.

EXT. HUGE BOOKSTORE - THE NEXT DAY

The Simpson car pulls into the parking lot of "Books! Books! And Additional Books!", an enormous book superstore. A sign in the window reads "Today's Special: Michener \$1.99/Lb."

INT. BOOKSTORE - FRONT DISPLAY AREA - A MINUTE LATER

The FAMILY enters. Bart runs over to a table where KRUSTY sits, anxiously trying to interest passersby in his "SeinLanguage"-style book, "KrustOlogisms by Krusty the Klown and Sid Brindlebaum." A man approaches.

KRUSTY

Hey, you! Funny, funny book here!

What's your name?

JUST STAMP THE TICKET MAN

Byron.

KRUSTY

(AUTOGRAPHING BOOK) "To my friend

Byron, Best Fishes..." (EXPECTS LAUGH)

Huh? Huh? "Your pal, Krusty the K."

JUST STAMP THE TICKET MAN

I don't want that book.

KRUSTY

(GROAN)

The Just Stamp the Ticket Man walks away. Krusty tosses the book on a big pile of autographed books. Krusty buttonholes Bart.

KRUSTY

Hey, little boy! How'd you like an autographed book? I bet I got one with your name on it! (RIFLING THROUGH PILE) "Byron?" "Milhouse?" "Tom & Marie Hartunian?" "Johnny... Er, what's this say? Tuckerfaster?"

INT. BOOKSTORE - BEST SELLERS DISPLAY - A LITTLE LATER

Lisa approaches a display labelled "National Bestsellers," which includes intelligent-looking books by Stephen Hawking, Tom Wolfe, Amy Tan, etc. She excitedly snaps up one of the books.

LISA

Oh, boy! Bill Moyers! (BLOWS DUST OFF BOOK) Hmm. If these books are bestsellers, how come they're so dusty?

She turns to see another display labelled "Springfield Bestsellers," in which #1 is "Still More 'Cathy!'" #2 is "'Cathy' Pigs Out!" and #3 is blank videotape. #4 through #10 are unoccupied. A CHUCKLING BURNS leafs through "Still More 'Cathy'!."

BURNS

No, Cathy! Fat-free cookies won't do a bit of good if you eat the whole box!

INT. BOOKSTORE - ELSEWHERE - A LITTLE LATER

Marge and Homer stand in front of the "Marital Relations" shelf, browsing tentatively. Homer looks through "The Kama Sutra."

HOMER

Hey, Marge! This guy looks like Apu!

MARGE

(SHEEPISH) Shh. I don't want people to
see us looking at these books.

Bart and Lisa come around the corner. Marge and Homer instantly jump away and pretend to be looking at other sections, each grabbing a random book.

BART

Hi, guys. Whatcha lookin' at?

REVEAL that Marge has picked up "Tanks of the Third Reich." Homer, now standing in the "Gay & Lesbian Studies" section, is pretending to read a Mapplethorpe book with a cover photo of a muscular male ass.

MARGE

Oh, just reading up on, er, artillery.

HOMER

Yes. (OPENING BOOK) And I am pursuing
my interest in... (SCREAM)

INT. BOOKSTORE - FRONT - A LITTLE LATER

Marge and Homer walk toward the cashier while she shows him what she's selected: a book on tape.

MARGE

(LOW) This one's a good choice, and
it's not too smutty. It's a book on
tape by Paul Harvey, you know, that
nice Midwestern man on the radio who's
like a pleasant version of Grampa.

HOMER

(READING TITLE) Oooh. "Mr. and Mrs.
Erotic American."

We see the cover illustration features Uncle Sam in a torrid "Gone With the Wind" style embrace with the Statue of Liberty. Bart and Lisa come running up, books in hand.

LISA

Mom! Dad! Look, this biography of Peter Ueberroth is only 99 cents! And I found the new Al Gore book!

She holds up a copy of "Sane Planning: Sensible Tomorrow, by Al Gore."

LISA (CONT'D)

I hope it's as exciting as his other book "Rational Thinking: Reasonable Future!" What are you getting?

Marge quickly hides the cassette tape behind her back.

MARGE

(PHONY) Uh-uh-uh. Christmas is coming!

(WEAK LAUGH)

BART

I'm getting this book on U.F.O.s. Did you know they're real, but there's a huge government conspiracy to cover it up?

LISA

Oh, that's just a paranoid fantasy.

The cashier rings up the books with a laser scanner. With ominous conspiracy MUSIC, we follow the electrical impulses down the wires, through a switching station, up to a satellite, and down to the Pentagon, where a print-out spews from a computer and is grabbed by an Air Force colonel.

ESTABLISHING SHOT - WHITE HOUSE - DAY

INT. WHITE HOUSE - THAT MINUTE

Inside, the panting colonel **BURSTS** through two imposing doors into an office.

AIR FORCE COLONEL

Mr. Vice President! Someone finally
bought a copy of your book!

VICE PRESIDENT GORE

(FLATLY) This calls for a celebration.

Gore drops a needle onto a nearby record player and loud **PARTY MUSIC** starts playing. Then he sits calmly behind his desk with a somber expression.

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - THAT NIGHT

Homer and Marge sit on their bed, in pajamas and negligee, listening to the tape.

PAUL HARVEY (V.O.)

Paul Harvey here. Did you know every
good American is, at heart, an erotic
American? Iiiit's true. A famous
couple -- I don't need to tell you it
was Dwight and Mamie Eisenhower --
offered this advice: double your
pleasure with a bath, together!

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - MASTER BATHROOM - A LITTLE LATER

Homer sits in a bubble bath as Marge lights the last of several atmospheric candles. Then she tries to slip into the tub with him. There's very little space, and both are crammed into uncomfortable positions.

MARGE

Homey, I can't quite...

HOMER

The faucet's jammed into my back...

MARGE

Put your feet up on the wall...

HOMER

I'm stuck.

MARGE

So am I.

Homer tries to force himself backwards, **SNAPPING** the faucet off the wall. The broken pipe **SPRAYS** a powerful torrent of water directly into Marge's face, then puts out all the candles, leaving them in the dark. We hear a moment of futile **STRUGGLING**, then...

HOMER & MARGE

(CALLING FOR HELP) Kids?

EXT. HIGHWAY - SIMPSON CAR - THE NEXT DAY

Homer has his arm around Marge as they drive along together. The tape plays.

PAUL HARVEY (V.O.)

A romantic vacation can provide...
titillation. Sensual, sanitary
seclusion awaits you at any of
America's fine Triple-A Approved motor
lodges.

EXT. ROMANTIC MOTEL - NIGHT

The car pulls into the parking lot of an ornate, "Madonna Inn"-type motel. A sign reads "Aphrodite's on the Interstate -- Fantasy Rooms and Conference Center."

INT. ROMANTIC MOTEL - LOBBY - NIGHT

At the front desk, Marge and Homer pore over a brochure featuring all the different fantasy rooms.

MARGE

The Arabian Nights Room looks nice...

And the Swashbuckler's Roost has a
crow's-nest bed!

HOMER

Ooh, the Pharaoh's Chamber has a
vibrating sarcophagus.

DESK CLERK

(WISE GUY VOICE) Sorry, Romeo and
Julie, shoulda made a reservation. We
only got one room left.

The clerk hands them the key. Suddenly, MAYOR QUIMBY comes dashing into the lobby, wearing only a leopard skin.

MAYOR QUIMBY

The toilet is overflowing in the
Caveman Room!

INT. ROMANTIC MOTEL - A MINUTE LATER

Marge and Homer pass rooms labelled "Safari Room," "Camelot Room," etc. They come to a door labelled "Utility Room."

MARGE

(DUBIOUS) Well, here it is.

Homer unlocks the door, and they enter. The room contains a large, rumbling furnace, a number of gas and electrical meters, janitorial equipment, and two cots.

MARGE (CONT'D)

This isn't very erotic. I think it's
an actual utility room.

HOMER

No, honey, it's a romantic fantasy.

(SELLING IT) I imagine I'm the janitor,
and you're... the janitor's wife, who
has to live with me in the utility
room.

They push the two cots together, lie down awkwardly, and
stare at the ceiling. A second later, the desk clerk comes
in and tiptoes past them.

DESK CLERK

Don't mind me, folks. Just need to get
the ol' Wet-Dry Vac.

INT. SIMPSON CAR - THE NEXT MORNING

A crabby, silent Marge and Homer drive home.

PAUL HARVEY (V.O.)

By now, your new, improved love-life
should have you flinging woo like
nobody's business. So, to you, Mr. and
Mrs. Erotic American, I bid... Gooood
day.

EXT. HIGHWAY - SIMPSON CAR - CONTINUOUS

The Paul Harvey tape is thrown out the window of the moving
car. The car **SCREECHES** to a halt. It backs up, runs over
the tape repeatedly, then speeds off.

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - FOYER - LATER THAT DAY

Homer and Marge enter with their suitcase, and Marge **PLODS**
gloomily up the stairs. **GRAMPA** comes up to Homer.

GRAMPA

Welcome home, Son. I broke two lamps
and lost all your mail. What's wrong
with your wife?

HOMER

(GLUM) Never mind. You wouldn't
understand.

GRAMPA

Flu?

HOMER

(GLUM) No.

GRAMPA

Protein deficiency?

HOMER

(GLUM) No.

GRAMPA

Pneumonoultramicroscopicsilicovolcano-
coniosis?

HOMER

(GLUM) No.

GRAMPA

Unsatisfying sex life?

HOMER

(GLUM) N -- (BEAT) -- yes. But please
don't say that word. It's really gross
to hear it coming out of your mouth.

GRAMPA

What? (TOO LOUD) "Sex?" What's so unappealing about hearin' yer elderly father talk about sex? I had sex.

HOMER

(CRINGING) Dad, please, I think I should just take you home now...

Homer, with his fingers in his ears, hustles Grampa out the front door.

GRAMPA (O.S.)

(OBLIVIOUS) I had sex like a house on fire! Oh, you better believe it, Charlie!

HOMER

(NAUSEATED SOUND)

ESTABLISHING SHOT - RETIREMENT CASTLE - LATER THAT DAY

INT. RETIREMENT CASTLE - GRAMPA'S ROOM - THEN

Homer sits in Grampa's chair. Through the bathroom door, we can see Grampa mixing up some liquid in the sink.

HOMER

I dunno, I'm just not... interested anymore.

GRAMPA

Yep, yep. Don't you worry. This home remedy will put those ants back in yer pants! Legend has it, my Great-Grandpappy brought this recipe back from Honduras, which is where he fled to after his failed attempt to assassinate Daniel Boone.

Grampa comes out of the bathroom with a spoonful of liquid. Homer swallows the tonic and grimaces like a kid swallowing cough syrup. He shudders for a moment, then breaks into a surprised grin. His eyes snap open and we SMASH CUT TO:

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - FOYER - FIVE MINUTES LATER

Homer **BURSTS** through the door with a look of steely determination. Bart and Lisa are watching TV. Homer runs over and unplugs the TV.

HOMER

(VERY FAST) Kids-here's-fifty-dollars-
Why not go to a movie then take-a cab-
to-your-Aunts'-house-Stay-there-Phone-
call-you-later-Now-Now-Now.

Bart and Lisa, a bit puzzled, take the money, pick up Maggie, and head out. Marge walks by. Homer sweeps her off her feet and carries her up the stairs.

MARGE

(GIGGLES) Oh, Homey, what's--

HOMER

(DEBONAIR) Marge, I'll explain to you afterwards.

They enter the bedroom and close the door. Then we DISSOLVE TO:

STOCK FOOTAGE of a train going into a tunnel, a rocket ship launching and hot dogs rolling past on a conveyor belt.
PULL BACK to reveal that we are...

INT. MOVIE THEATER - AN HOUR LATER

Bart, Lisa, and Maggie are at the movies, watching this on the screen.

LISA

What do you think Mom and Dad are doing
right now?

BART

(MUNCHING POPCORN) Search me.

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - MASTER BATHROOM - NEXT MORNING

Homer is shaving and WHISTLING happily. Marge comes in and hugs him adoringly.

MARGE

Here he is, Rex Harrison and Paul Anka
rolled into one! (SHIVER OF DELIGHT)
You know, you and Grampa could make a
fortune if you bottled that tonic and
sold it.

HOMER

(WARY) I don't know, Marge. People are
awful touchy these days. I'm sure
they'd find some "moral objection" to
our sex-drug.

MARGE

No, you'd be surprised. There are a lot
of married couples who'd be thrilled to
have a renewed love life, even if it
did come from a bottle.

HOMER

You're right. We'll do it. (LOOKING
AROUND) Honey, where are my pants?

MARGE

You threw them out the window in a fit
of passion. You said you were never
going to need them again.

EXT. SIMPSON/FLANDERS FRONT YARDS - SIMULTANEOUS

Homer's pants dangle from a tree overhanging Flanders' yard. NED tries to knock the pants down with a long pole as MAUDE looks on.

MAUDE

Oh, hurry, Ned! They're awful.

NED

You just be ready with that garbage
bag.

INT. RETIREMENT CASTLE - GRAMPA'S ROOM - LATER

Grampa mixes up a huge batch of the medicine in his bathtub and stirs it with an oar. Homer unpacks empty bottles for the medicine.

HOMER

Hoo mama! After years of
disappointments with get-rich-quick-
schemes, I know I'm finally gonna get
rich quick with this scheme!

GRAMPA

And best of all, we get to spend time
together, son!

HOMER

(LOW-ENERGY MUMBLE)

GRAMPA

Now for the finishing touch.

(DRAMATIC) The secret ingredient is...
love! Come here, son, and help me love
the stuff. Love it now. Lots of love.

They stand and stare at the tub for a long, uncomfortable beat.

GRAMPA

Ehh. This part always seems
unnecessary. (WALKS AWAY)

CLOSE UP - BOTTLE OF MEDICINE

It has an old-fashioned label reading "Simpson & Son Revitalizing Tonic" and Smith Bros.-style engravings of Grampa and Homer. PULL BACK to reveal we are...

INT. SPRINGFIELD MALL - ATRIUM - THE NEXT DAY

Homer tries to get the attention of uninterested passersby while Grampa sits at a card table with the bottles of tonic and a cruddy sign saying "Homemade Medicine \$1.00."

HOMER

Sir! Hello, Sir! You look like a man
who needs help satisfying his wife!

The MAN punches Homer in the nose and walks off.

HOMER (CONT'D)

(RUBBING NOSE) Ow. Boy, people hate
this product. Let's give up and go
home.

GRAMPA

Lemme sell it. You sit here at the
Customer Service Desk.

Grampa steps to the center of the atrium, then takes a **DEEP BREATH**. People start gathering around, intrigued.

GRAMPA (CONT'D)

(FAST) Step right up, folks, and
witness the magnificent medicinal
miracle of Simpson & Son's Patented
Revitalizing Tonic!

REVEAL that a large crowd has formed, including people looking down from the mezzanine.

GRAMPA (CONT'D)

(FAST) Put some ardor in your larder with our energizing, moisturizing, tantalizing, romanticizing, surprising, her prizing, revitalizing tonic! (LONG WHEEZE)

SHOPPERS

(WILD APPLAUSE, CHEERS)

HOMER

Wow! Dad, where'd you learn to do that?

GRAMPA

Eh. Everybody talked like this when I was young.

After a beat, the frenzied shoppers mob the card table. PROFESSOR FRINK emerges from the crowd with a bottle of tonic and uncorks it.

PROF. FRINK

I doubt one elixir could boast all of those properties.

He leans back and takes a swig. When he pops back up, his glasses are gone and he's got a new, suave, Buddy Love demeanor.

PROF. FRINK (CONT'D)

(BUDDY LOVE VOICE) What say we amscray and have a wild wing ding at the cyclotron, Doctor?

DR. (MRS.) FRINK

Anything you say, Professor! (MRS.
FRINK NOISE)

MONTAGE of the tonic sweeping Springfield.

1) INT. VAN HOUTEN HOUSE - AFTERNOON

Mr. Van Houten enters with a shopping bag. He pulls out a bottle of tonic and whispers to Mrs. Van Houten.

MR. VAN HOUTEN

I thought you'd like it. And I found something for Milhouse down at the mall, too! A tent!

MILHOUSE

Oh, boy! Now I can sleep out in the yard!

MR. HOUTEN

(TOO EAGER) Yeah! Every night!

EXT. VAN HOUTEN HOUSE - NIGHT

We see Mr. & Mrs. Van Houten through their window shade, silhouetted in a passionate embrace. Down below in the yard, an oblivious Milhouse sits cheerfully in his tent.

2) INT. HIBBERT HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

DR. HIBBERT examines a bottle of tonic as Mrs. Hibbert sits on the bed.

DR. HIBBERT

I've discovered that the "rejuvenating" effect people feel is actually a mild form of poisoning, no doubt a result of the unsanitary conditions in Grampa Simpson's bathtub. (BEAT)

Nonetheless... (GULPING SOUNDS)

He sips the tonic, takes off his Cosby-style sweater, turns off the lights, and CHUCKLES.

3) INT. LOVEJOY HOUSE - BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

It is dark. The RINGING phone interrupts what was obviously an amorous liaison between the REVEREND and his wife HELEN. When a flustered Rev. Lovejoy turns on the light, we see a bottle of tonic on the nightstand.

REV. LOVEJOY

(DISORIENTED) Hel-- Hello? (BEAT) Yes, Ned. I have heard about the tonic. (BEAT) If you'll consult your Bible, you'll find numerous references to aphrodisiacs. (BEAT, FROWN) I see. Why don't you mix it in with some Seven-Up, then? (BEAT) Sprite is fine, too. Yes. Good night, Ned.

The Reverend hangs up the phone, and turns eagerly back to Helen. She is fast asleep. A frustrated, super-charged Rev. Lovejoy begins intensely working a Rubik's Cube.

REV. LOVEJOY

(WORKED UP) Damn Flanders.

ON TV

A preoccupied Krusty hurries through his show. There is a bottle of tonic in his pocket.

KRUSTY

(TO O.S.) Tell her I'll be there in ten minutes! (NOTICES CAMERA) Hey, hey kids! Krusty's gotta leave a little early today, so why don't you watch these public service announcements.

Enjoy.

Krusty dashes off, and the P.S.A. comes on. We see a panting dog locked in the back of a parked car. INTERCUT with shots of a bank thermometer saying "92 degrees."

P.S.A. ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

Stop! (ACTION FREEZES) And think!
Would your pet do this to you?

There is now a panting, sweaty businessman in the dog's place. A second later, the dog returns to the car holding a shopping bag. It sees the heat-stricken man and looks alarmed. PULL BACK to reveal we are...

EXT. APPLIANCE STORE - DOWNTOWN - 6:00 P.M.

Bart and Milhouse were looking at the TV. Everything is closed, and the streets are completely deserted except for a few kids wandering around.

MILHOUSE

What's goin' on? Where are all the grown-ups?

NELSON

Who cares? With no adults around, I run this city! (AWKWARD BEAT) Er, carry on.

MARTIN

I've noticed that, each day, they rush home from work, take a dose of that medicine, and disappear into their bedrooms. Beyond that, I'm stymied.

Bart takes out his UFO conspiracy book.

BART

Listen to this. (READING)

"Unexplainable Behavior. When individuals act in a secretive fashion, most often they are trying to cover up their involvement with UFOs, or other paranormal phenomena, e.g. telephone explosions."

MILHOUSE

Geez! If it's in a book, it's gotta be true!

BART

Scary, no? (RE: AUTHOR) And this guy's head of the Spaceology Department at the Correspondence College of Tampa!

Ralph has been wandering aimlessly in the background. He finally approaches the boys and holds out a frozen TV dinner.

RALPH

Will you cook my dinner for me? I'm not allowed to turn on the stove.

EXT. SIMPSON HOUSE - DRIVEWAY - THE NEXT MORNING

Homer is loading two suitcases and a crate of tonic into the station wagon.

GRAMPA

Hurry up! We got a lotta tonic to sell
and a lotta other towns to visit.

Tombstone, Rhyolite, Sidewinder Gulch,
Borax City...

HOMER

Dad, I think those are ghost towns.

GRAMPA

No, no. I've been to those places and
they're hopping! What with their music
halls and stagecoach depots.

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. REMOTE DESERT AREA - TEN HOURS LATER

The station wagon pulls up to the end of a dirt road, where a faded sign says "Site of Borax City 1878-1910." The only remnants of a town are a small pile of rubble and a dilapidated door with no building attached.

GRAMPA (O.S.)

Hmm. (BEAT) Go see if there's anyone
behind that door.

EXT. SPITTLE COUNTY - DAY

Homer and Grampa stand on the porch of a run-down shack while a hillbilly man examines a bottle of tonic. As Homer reads from a notecard, a continuous stream of scruffy children runs out onto the porch to see what's happening.

HOMER

(A LA RONCO PITCHMAN) Mr. Griner, as the head of a modern household, (MORE KIDS APPEAR) you've no doubt experienced the marital strain that can come with declining male abilities.

(MORE KIDS) Yes, those neglected husbandly duties that can cause so much unspoken embarrassment. (MORE KIDS) Mr. Griner, are you prepared to sign a new lease on manhood?

The porch is now completely crammed with hillbilly children of all shapes and sizes.

HILLBILLY MAN

I guess we could use one bottle.

EXT. TOWN SQUARE - SMALL TOWN - DAY

The station wagon is parked in the town square and is festooned with red, white, and blue ribbons and a banner reading "The Simpson & Son Travelling Medicine Show." Grampa, wearing a Colonel Sanders-style white suit, stands on the open tailgate. He gestures with a straw cane as he pitches to the gathered crowd.

GRAMPA

(FAST) And for the minimal outlay of one dollar, you can take home a bottle of Liquid Lothario! Distilled Don Juan! Catalytically-Carbonated Casanova! Lock old Rover in the shed, 'cause man has a new best friend in Simpson and Son's Revitalizing Tonic!

VERY FAT MAN

Does it taste good?

EXTREMELY NERVOUS MAN

Will it make me jumpy? Will it make me jumpy?

GOONY-LOOKING MAN

(GOONY VOICE) I'm not convinced. I've had bad luck with aphrodisiacs.

GRAMPA

All questions will be answered, all fears will be allayed, with one incontrovertible demonstration! May I have a volunteer from the audience?

(SURVEYS CROWD) Yes, you, sir!

Though many men raise their hands to volunteer, Grampa selects Homer, who is standing in the audience trying to blend in. Homer joins Grampa on the tail-gate.

GRAMPA

Now, sir, you have never seen me before. Is that correct?

HOMER

That is correct.

AUDIENCE MEMBER

Then how come his face is on the bottle?

There is a beat of uncomfortable silence, then we SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. ROAD OUT OF TOWN - TEN SECONDS LATER

"Foggy Mountain Breakdown" plays as the station wagon speeds out of town, still covered with the ribbons and banners. Angry townspeople run after, brandishing shotguns and pitchforks.

GRAMPA

You're the worst shill I ever seen!

You're a disgrace to the medicine show
business!

HOMER

They didn't start chasing us until you
turned on that getaway music.

Homer switches off a tape player. The Bluegrass **MUSIC**
stops.

INT. BART'S TREEHOUSE - 6:00 P.M.

Bart looks out of his treehouse window through a set of binoculars. Down the street, he sees a man drive home from work, take sip of tonic, and run into the house. A second later, the upstairs window shades close. Bart turns to the next house, where, in quick succession, a couple does the exact same thing. Then, it happens again at a third house. Bart pulls back inside, where all the kids look on anxiously.

BART

Okay. There's no sign of extra-
terrestrial activity. But I'm still
open to the possibility of supernatural
activity.

MILHOUSE

Or a conspiracy! Like that drug they
put in hot dogs that makes us behave.

The kids turn to look at Martin, who's eating a plate full of hot dogs.

MARTIN

(MOUTH FULL OF HOT DOGS) Absurd.

LISA

Why do you guys always jump to the most
outrageous conclusions? Haven't you
heard of Occam's Razor? "The simplest
explanation is probably the correct
one."

BART

So what's the simplest explanation?

LISA

I don't know. (SARCASTIC) Maybe
they're all reverse vampires, and they
have to get home before it gets dark
out.

KIDS

(SCREAMS) / Reverse vampires! / Of
course! / The un-undead! / I bet they
like garlic! / Etc.

INT. STATION WAGON - COUNTRY ROAD - AFTERNOON

Grampa sees something out the car window.

GRAMPA

Well, I'll be jig-swigged. Pull
over, Son. That's the house you grew
up in.

HOMER

(WISTFUL GASP) It's just the way I
remembered.

GRAMPA

Ya idjit! That's a hog waller.

We see Homer has been looking in the opposite direction at a rickety lean to lying in a field of mud. A fat PIG peers wearily out of the mud. Grampa turns Homer's head to face an old farmhouse silhouetted in the afternoon sun.

HOMER

(WISTFUL GASP)

EXT. OLD SIMPSON FARMHOUSE - A LITTLE LATER

Homer and Grampa wander around the outside of the abandoned, run-down farmhouse.

GRAMPA

Yeah, we lived here till the bank
foreclosed in '63. (PUZZLED) Farm went
bust after the cows got spooked and
started givin' sour milk...

We push into Homer and DISSOLVE into a FLASHBACK.

INT. SIMPSON BARN - 1963 - B&W

Seven year-old Homer makes a series of funny and disturbing faces at the panicked cows.

YOUNG HOMER

(RAZZING NOISES)

COWS

(TERRIFIED MOOING)

BACK TO SCENE

Homer's eyes dart back and forth nervously. Grampa and Homer head into the house. It is empty except for some strewn-about trash, broken furniture, etc.

GRAMPA

Oh, the memories. If this old place
could talk, it'd say...

Grampa reaches up to an old light fixture and pulls the chain. The fixture falls down on him along with a large portion of the ceiling.

GRAMPA

Yah! Ooh! Ow! Wah! (ETC.)

HOMER

(RUDE DERISIVE LAUGH)

After a beat, a bathtub falls through the hole and **SMASHES** on top of Homer.

INT. SIMPSON FARMHOUSE - LIVING ROOM - A MINUTE LATER

Grampa and Homer both enter rubbing their heads. They see an old, dusty, broken-down television that looks incredibly outdated.

GRAMPA

There's the old Videola. That thing
gave off so much radiation it could
carbonate a glass of water at ten feet.
You used to watch it from a chair right
over here.

We see the silhouette of a young Homer burned into the wall. Homer looks wistfully at the set.

HOMER'S FLASHBACK - LIVING ROOM - 1961 - B&W

Five year-old Homer sits in front of the TV, watching PRESIDENT KENNEDY's news conference. Homer's mother looks on.

PRESIDENT KENNEDY (ON TV)

If I may, Helen, I'd like to respond to
that question with yet another flip
remark...

REPORTERS (ON TV)

(APPRECIATIVE CHUCKLES)

YOUNG HOMER

(JFK IMPRESSION) Look at me, er, Mom!
I am, er, President Kennedy!

Grampa walks in.

HOMER'S MOTHER

Oh, Abe, maybe our Homer could grow up
to be a great politician someday!

GRAMPA

(DISMISSIVE) Ehhh. Berle's on.

Grampa changes the channel and, on TV, we see MILTON BERLE
capering around in a dress, selling the joke with silly
NOISES. Homer's eyes light up.

MILTON BERLE (ON TV)

(GOOFY HOMER-ISH SOUND)

YOUNG HOMER

(SIMILAR SOUND)

BACK TO SCENE

HOMER

(A BIT SAD) Dad, how come you never paid any attention to me as a kid? Maybe I could've been a great leader, instead of a stupid jerk like Milton Berle.

GRAMPA

Son, you're not a stupid jerk like Milton Berle. You're more of loud-mouthed moron like Sid Caesar.

EXT. FARMHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Grampa and Homer walk towards the car.

HOMER

See, Dad, that's why we've never been close. You're always putting me down.

GRAMPA

You got that one right, tubby. And who are you to complain? You lock me up in a home and give me the same damn shower safety seat every Christmas!

INT. STATION WAGON - COUNTRY ROAD - MINUTES LATER

The two drive away from the house. Both look upset.

HOMER

Your whole life, you never wanted to spend any time with me.

GRAMPA

That's 'cause you're a screw-up.

HOMER

You're the screw-up!

Homer **BANGS** on the steering wheel to make his point. The air-bag inflates in his face. Simultaneously, Grampa **BANGS** on the door to make his point. It swings open, and he almost falls out onto the road. A second later, they recover and continue the argument without missing a beat.

GRAMPA

You're as thick as a dozen cinderblocks
in a barrel of molasses!!

HOMER

Oh, yeah?! Well, you're as thick as
a... thing with that... (BEAT) Aw, up
yours!

GRAMPA

Why you little...!

An infuriated Grampa reaches over and strangles Homer, in exactly the same manner Homer strangles Bart.

HOMER

(CHOKING SOUNDS, THEN:) That's it.
We're going home. I'm sick of you and
your stupid tonic.

GRAMPA

If I hadn't taken that stupid tonic 38
years ago, you'da never been born and
I'da been happy! Cause I never wanted
a kid! You were an accident!!

HOMER

(VERY HURT GASP)

Homer **SLAMS** on the brakes and opens Grampa's door.

HOMER (CONT'D)

(CREEPILY CALM) Get out.

GRAMPA

I'm sorry I said that.

HOMER

Out.

Grampa climbs slowly out of the car.

GRAMPA

I'm going to get out of the car, and I
hope you'll find it in your heart not
to drive awa--

The end of Grampa's sentence is obscured by the loud
PEELING OFF of the car, which immediately drives away.
Grampa is left standing in the middle of nowhere as the sun
sets.

GRAMPA (CONT'D)

Well, I'll be all right as long as I
can remember my Army training... (LONG
BEAT) Dang.

The sun disappears over the horizon, and it instantly
becomes pitch black. A coyote **HOWLS**.

GRAMPA

How's that? Blueberry what?

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - FOYER - DAY

The doorbell **RINGS**, and Homer answers it. Grampa is standing there, holding a large flower arrangement with a ribbon saying "With Deepest Regrets."

GRAMPA

I'm sorry.

Homer **SLAMS** the door. Grampa tries to cram the arrangement through the mail slot, shredding all the flowers. After a beat, his hand comes through the slot and waves at Homer.

GRAMPA (O.S.)

(PATHETIC) Hi?

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - LATER

MARGE

Why don't you just let Grampa apologize?

HOMER

Marge, he said I was an accident. He didn't want to have me!

MARGE

You didn't want to have Bart.

HOMER

I know, but you're never supposed to tell the child.

MARGE

You tell Bart all the time. You told him this morning.

HOMER

(WHINY) But that was different. He laughed at me when I sat in that bowl of cereal.

MARGE

It wasn't just cereal. It was juice, toast, milk - a complete breakfast.

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

Marge washes the dishes as Homer sits at the table, gloomily eating cookies and milk. Bart and Lisa enter, a little tentative.

LISA

(HESITANT) Hello Mom, Dad. There's no polite way to say this, but... we think something's horribly wrong with you.

BART

Yeah. How come you keep locking yourselves in your bedroom?

HOMER

(GLUM) We're not going to be doing that anymore.

MARGE

(ALARMED) We are so! Um, kids, could you step outside for a second?

Bart and Lisa leave. Marge sits down with Homer, then notices Maggie staring at them; she swivels the highchair around so Maggie is facing the wall.

MARGE (CONT'D)

Homey, I know this Grampa business has you down in the dumps, but I really think our "special time" together is important, and might even take your mind off...

SLOW WIDEN TO REVEAL that, while speaking, Marge has been sneakily pouring tonic into Homer's glass of milk. He notices.

HOMER

Quit it, Marge. Ix-nay on the phrodisiacs-ay.

MARGE

I'm sorry. I'm acting like that awful Mrs. Roper.

Marge dumps the spiked milk into the cat's bowl. Snowball II laps it up, gets a wild-eyed look, and instantly begins chasing the dog around the house.

INT. BART'S TREEHOUSE - NIGHT

Bart, Lisa, Martin, Wendell, etc., are gathered around Milhouse.

MILHOUSE

Okay. I now believe that our parents have been acting so secretive because they are part of a massive conspiracy.

Milhouse unveils a large, complicated, Bob Dole-style flow chart mapping the conspiracy.

MILHOUSE (CONT'D)

Who here is familiar with the Rand Corporation of Santa Monica, California?

Several kids raise their hands, including a PARANOID-LOOKING BOY with dark circles under his eyes.

CONSPIRACY KID

It's a high-level think-tank with close ties to government defense contractors.

MILHOUSE

Bingo. I suspect that they, in conjunction with the Wham-O Corporation and Madonna Louise Ciccone, a.k.a.

"Madonna," (BUILDING) are forcing our parents to go to bed early in a fiendish plot to eliminate the meal of DINNER! (A LA "JFK") We're through the looking glass here, people!

Suddenly, a panicked Ralph climbs into the treehouse.

RALPH

(PANTING) I know what our parents are doing! I hid in the closet and saw them! They were -- having sex!

KIDS

(LONG BEAT, THEN:) That's all? / Big deal. / Yuck. / Etc.

Outside, we see Chief and Mrs. Wiggum approaching the treehouse in their bathrobes. The Chief speaks through a bullhorn.

CHIEF WIGGUM

Ralph, come down here. Your mother and I want to have a word with you.

INT. SIMPSON KITCHEN - THE NEXT DAY

Homer is talking to Bart and Lisa. Bart is eating a candy bar.

HOMER

Kids, your daddy and his daddy are involved in a very sticky... nutty... chewy... chocolatey... Put it away, boy... situation. And your daddy has realized something very important: A father should always make his kids feel wanted. Starting right now, I promise to give you the attention you deserve.

Homer puts his arms around Marge, Bart, and Lisa, and walks them out. We see they've left Maggie alone in her highchair facing the wall.

MAGGIE

(OBLIVIOUS SUCK)

INT. RETIREMENT CASTLE - GRAMPA'S ROOM - DAY

Grampa uses a funnel to fill a new batch of tonic bottles.

GRAMPA

Homer's just bein' a sorehead. He'll get over it. But the Simpson & Son Medicine Show must go on.

BARNEY

You said it, Dad! (BELCH)

REVEAL that Barney is there, pasting on the new labels, which feature an engraving of him as the "Son." Many of the labels are crooked and upside-down.

GRAMPA

Let's keep those "Dads" to a minimum.

EXT. RETIREMENT CASTLE - GARAGE - A LITTLE LATER

Barney carries a crate of tonic and follows Grampa through the Retirement Castle's garage, which is filled with old-fashioned cars, many rusted, covered with tarps, etc. A sign reads "Residents Must Get Nurse's Approval Before Leaving Garage!" They come to a 1940's Buick Roadmaster convertible (like the one in "Rain Man") in a space marked "A. Simpson."

GRAMPA

They revoked my license cause I was too
old, so you drive.

BARNEY

They revoked my license cause I was too
drunk, but okay!

Barney tries to start the car, which makes a lot of weird NOISES.

GRAMPA

No, no, no! Step on the clutch while
ya pull the choke, at the same time,
let up on the throttle and crank the
magneto!

BARNEY

Yeah, yeah, Pops. Keep your pants on.

The car lurches out of the garage and swerves wildly into traffic. It sideswipes a police cruiser, causing CHIEF WIGGUM to spill his lunch. He frantically grabs the police radio.

CHIEF WIGGUM

This is Wiggum! Got a situation down here at 4th and Elm! Gonna need another Biggie Fries, right away.
Repeat: Biggie.

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - EVENING

Bart and Lisa are watching TV. Homer enters.

HOMER

Kids, because you're so important to me, I think we should do more stuff together. I made this "Family Activity Wheel." Go ahead, Lisa, give it a spin.

Homer produces a crappy cardboard activity wheel he's made, and Lisa spins it. Some of the choices are "Picnic," "Boat Ride," "Crank Calls," "Make-A-Sundae," and "TV."

BART & LISA

Come on, TV! TV! TV! TV!

The wheel stops on "Puppet Show."

BART

(DISAPPOINTED) Puppet show?! No way, Jose. These hands will never be inside a puppet.

HOMER

Fine. Then you will take your chances with the Punishment Wheel.

Homer flips over the activity wheel to reveal punishments on the back, including "Spanking," "Lecture," "Rake Yard," "Free Spin," and "No Xmas." Bart spins, and the wheel lands on "Wash Face."

BART

(GROAN) All right, I'll do the puppet show...

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - LATER

The floor is strewn with puppet-makings (yarn, socks, etc.) Marge, the audience, sits on the couch facing a makeshift puppet theater; Homer crouches behind it, narrating as the kids operate their handmade puppets.

HOMER

...And so Sleeping Beauty was sleeping, waiting for Prince Charming to find her.

LISA (O.S.)

(SLEEPING BEAUTY SOFT SNORING SOUNDS)

BART (O.S.)

Raaaarrrrgh!

On stage, we see Lisa's Sleeping Beauty puppet being attacked by Bart's shiny, black techno-monster puppet. Meanwhile, Maggie operates an unrecognizable puppet that moves back and forth, independent of the action.

LISA (O.S.)

Bart! Stop it! Sleeping Beauty was never attacked by a robot!

BART (O.S.)

(ROBOT VOICE) Humans taste better when they are sleeping. (CHEWING SOUND)

LISA (O.S.)

Quit it, quit it, quit it! And Maggie's witch isn't supposed to be in every scene!

Maggie's "witch" puppet goes by again. Homer peers over the stage to look at Marge's reaction. She's reading a magazine.

HOMER

Marge, you're not even watching!

MARGE

(COVERING) Oh, no, I'm enjoying it!

(BEAT) Which puppet is Goldilocks, now?

EXT. TOWN SQUARE - SECOND SMALL TOWN - DAY

Grampa, in his Col. Sanders suit, and Barney stand in front of the Buick pitching the medicine to a small crowd.

(NOTE: The new logo, featuring Barney, hangs from a tree.)

GRAMPA

(FAST) And just feast your ears on this tantalizing testimonial from my own flesh and blood, the son who puts the fun in "Simpson & Son" - my son, Barney!

BARNEY

(RECITING) Before I partook of this magnificent, medicine--al, miracle, I was a fat, disgusting slob. But now, I am a Carsonova! (BELCH)

ONLOOKER

That medicine seems to be givin' your son a lot of gas.

GRAMPA

I assure you his belching is the result
of an unrelated alcohol problem.

Barney passes out and falls over. The crowd starts
dispersing.

GRAMPA (CONT'D)

(BEAT) Er, you'll faint too when you
see our low, low prices...! (GROAN)

EXT. SIMPSON HOUSE - DRIVEWAY - DAY

Homer stands outside, with Maggie attached to his chest in a Snugglie pouch. On it is a bumper sticker reading "I [HEART] My Kids!" Homer eats potato chips and spills crumbs all over Maggie, who is covered with food residue. Bart comes up.

HOMER

Son! My dear Son. Prepare for an
afternoon you'll cherish for the rest
of your life, cause your "old man" is
gonna teach you how to ride... your
very first bike!

Homer produces a small, lame-looking bike with training wheels and a ribbon on it. He hops on and rides it around the driveway, his weight bending it severely.

BART

Dad, number one: I know how to ride a
bike. Number two: I already own a
bike. And number three: that is a
girl's bike.

HOMER

Nonsense. I had the exact same bike
when I was little -- the Schwinn One-
Speed Skippy with Wicker Knick-Knack
Basket! Now you try.

Bart reluctantly gets on and starts riding the wobbly, bent
girl's bike around in a circle. Nelson rides by.

NELSON

Haw haw!

HOMER

(MAD) Hey, come back here! My little
boy has feelings!

Homer (with Maggie still attached) runs after Nelson,
catches him, and carries him over to Bart.

NELSON

Ow, leggo! Yer squashin' me!

HOMER

Now apologize to my son. His name is
Bart.

NELSON

Aw, this is kinda humiliating. Woulya
mind turnin' around?

Homer looks away for a second. When he turns back around,
Nelson is gone, and Bart has been given a giant wedgie.
(His underpants are pulled up to his chest.)

HOMER

Well, did he apologize?

BART

(HIGH VOICE, VERY PAINED) Yes.

Thanks, Dad.

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - KITCHEN - EVENING

The kids are sitting at the table. Homer enters with a grocery bag.

HOMER

Look what I found in the toy display at the supermarket! Discount puzzles for my wonderful kids! For Lisa, a pretty unicorn... For Bart, New Kids on the Block... For... (OFF THEIR LOOKS)
What?

BART

No offense, Homer, but your half-assed under-parenting was a lot more fun than your half-assed over-parenting.

HOMER

(HURT) B-But I'm using my whole ass.

LISA

Dad, it's just that too much of your love can be really... creepy.

HOMER

(UPSET) Some day you'll thank me for all this creepy love! But for now, I've gotta go somewhere and do some serious thinking.

Homer dashes out, and we hear the CAR START and speed away.
The kids look mystified.

BART

I'm sure he meant to say "serious
drinking."

LISA

That's what I assumed.

EXT. LONELY COUNTRY ROAD - NIGHT

Grampa's Buick is parked in front of a room at a run-down rural motel. A neon sign says "Soiltown Motor Court," and a letterboard below reads "Welcome McNabb-McNabb Wedding."

INT. RURAL MOTEL - CONTINUOUS

Barney sits on the bed, drinking a lot of beer. Grampa, in underwear, t-shirt, and sock garters, looks on angrily.

BARNEY

(SINGS) "Carry on, my wayward sonnn /
There'll be peace when--"

GRAMPA

Quit that ruckus! You drink more than
a pubful of famous Irish authors. I'm
not payin' you to wet yer gooze.

Grampa grabs all Barney's Duff, runs into the bathroom, and locks the door. He starts pouring the beer down the toilet.

GRAMPA (CONT'D)

(YELLING TO BARNEY) You're gonna go
cold turkey! Just like I did in the
20's with those opiated biscuits!

(CRAVING SHUDDER)

Grampa opens the door to find a wild-eyed Barney swigging a bottle of tonic. It's clear from the pile of empties that he's finished off an entire crate.

GRAMPA (CONT'D)

Uh-oh.

BARNEY

(LONG GUTTURAL YELL)

A berserk Barney charges out, **BREAKING** down the door. He hops in Grampa's car and speeds off into the night. Grampa, still in underwear, chases feebly after the car.

GRAMPA

Wait! Come back! (SELLING) You can
drink the beer out of the toilet!

Grampa turns back to the room, but the door blows **SHUT** and locks. The mean-looking hayseed manager comes over.

GRAMPA (CONT'D)

Oh, am I glad to see you. I was gonna
spend the night with that young man,
but as soon as I took my pants off, he
ran away with my money.

The manager pulls two pistols on Grampa.

HAYSEED MANAGER

Mister, I suggest you start walkin',
and don't stop till you get back to
Green-Witch Village.

Grampa backs away, then shuffles off down the road into the countryside.

EXT. OLD SIMPSON FARMHOUSE - NIGHT

Homer drives up to the old farmhouse, parks, and goes inside.

INT. SIMPSON FARMHOUSE - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

A thoughtful Homer wanders wistfully around the moonlit living room.

HOMER

Here's where it all started to go
wrong. How'm I supposed to be a good
dad when I never had one myself?

Homer sulkily **KICKS** the wall in frustration, causing an old picture to flutter down from some empty shelves. Homer picks it up, and **STRIKES** a match to see it. It's a picture from Christmas, 1961.

HOMER (CONT'D)

Dad wasn't even around on Christmas
morning when I actually got to meet
Santa Claus. Some father... (THEN, A
REVELATION) Wait a minute.

Homer holds the match very close to the picture. We **PUSH IN** to see that Santa Claus is clearly Grampa in a costume.

HOMER (CONT'D)

(SURPRISED) Dad? (TOUCHED) This photo
is a blessing. It eases my pain.

(BEAT, YELLS IN PAIN)

We **WIDEN** to see the match has set the photo on fire. Homer runs around waving his arms, setting curtains, trash, and peeling wallpaper on fire. We move through several darkened rooms to the opposite end of the house. There, Grampa (still in underwear) sits huddled by a small fire in the fireplace. He looks sadly at a bottle of his tonic. He peels off the Barney sticker to reveal Homer underneath.

GRAMPA

(SIGH) The old saying's true:

"Together on the bottle, separated in life." This tonic's caused me nothin' but trouble. (TO BOTTLE) You've done all the damage you're gonna do!

He **SMASHES** the bottle into the fire, which **EXPLODES**, sending streams of burning liquid through the room.

GRAMPA

Aw, nuts.

Grampa hops over the flame streams and out the door.

EXT. SIMPSON FARMHOUSE - FRONT PORCH - A SECOND LATER

Homer and Grampa run **SCREAMING** out of separate doors as opposite ends of the house become engulfed in flames. They bump into each other on the front porch.

HOMER

Dad!

GRAMPA

Son!

HOMER

I'm a screw-up. I burned down our house.

GRAMPA

No, I'm a screw-up. I burned down our house.

HOMER

(KIND) You know what? We're both screw-ups.

GRAMPA

Incredible screw-ups.

HOMER

(WARMLY) Yeah.

They hug. The flames on either side of the house meet in the middle, and the house collapses in a flaming heap.

GRAMPA

Whaddya say we go roll on the grass,
son?

They calmly walk off the porch, and we see that both of their backs are on fire. They begin rolling in the grass and **LAUGHING**.

FADE OUT:

THE END